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THE PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN.

THE THREE DAYS BATTLES.

We condense from a lengthy account in the New York World the following details of the three days' fight at Gettysburg:

BATTLE OF WEDNESDAY.

A third charge was now made by the entire rebel force in front, which comprised the corps of Hill and Ewell, sixty-two thousand strong. The shock was awful. The superior numbers of the foe enabled them to overlap both our flanks, threatening us with surrounding and capture. Their main effort was directed against our left wing, and notwithstanding the gallent fighting done by our soldiers at that point, they at last obtained such advantage that Gen. Howard was forced to retire his command through the town to the east, which was done in good order, the compliments of the rebels meanwhile falling thick among it, in the shape of shells, grape and canister. The two corps were placed in line of battle on Cemetery Hill at evening, having withstood during the entire dayt he assaults of an enemy outnumbering them three to one. Not without grief, not without misgiving, did the officers and soldiers of those corps contemplate the day's engagement and await the onset they believed was to come. Their comrades lay in heaps beyond the village whose spires gleamed peacefully in the sunset before them.—Reynolds, the beloved and the brave, was dead, and Zook slumbered beside him. Barlow, Paul, many field and scores of line officers were killed. The men of the First Corps alone could in few instances turn to speak to the ones who stood beside them in the morning without meeting with a vacant space.—The havoc in that Corps was so frightful as to decimate it fully one half, and that in the Eleventh Corps—nobly rescued from the suspicion which rested upon it before—was scarcely less great. Yet the little army flinched not, but stood ready to fall as others had fallen, even to the last man. With what a thrill of relief General Howard, who had sent messenger after messenger during the day to Slocum and Sickles, saw in the distance at evening the approaching bayonets of the Third and Twelfth Corps, only they can tell who fought beside him. These corps arrived and assumed positions on the right and left of the First and Eleventh on the heights about Cemetery Hill at dusk.

THE BATTLE OF THURSDAY.

On what a spectacle the sun of Thursday rose, the memory of at least that portion of our forces who witnessed it from Cemetery Hill will linger forever. From its crest the muzzels of fifty cannon pointed toward the hills beyond the town. From the bluffs to the right and left additional artillery frowned, and away on either side, in a graceful and majestic curve, thousands of infantry moved into battle line, their bayonets gleaming like serpents' scales.—The roofs of Gettysburg in the valley below, the rifts of woodland along the borders of Rock creek, the orchards far down on the left, the fields green and beautiful, in which the cattle were calmly grazing, composed a scene of such peace as it appeared was never made to be marred by the clanger of battle. I strolled out to the Cemetery ere the dew was yet melted from the grass, and leaned against a monument to listen to the singing of birds. One note, milder than the rest, had just broken from the throat of an oriole in the foliage above me when the sullen rattle of musketry on the left told that skirmishing had begun.

Then, as the smoke beyond the villiage was lightly borne to the eastward, the woods on the left were seen filled with dark masses of infantry, three columns deep, who advanced at a quickstep.—Magnificent! Such a charge by such a force—full 45,000 men, under Hill and Longstreet—even though it threatened to pierce and annihilate the Third corps against which it was directed, drew forth cries of admiration from all who beheld it. General Sickles and his splendid command withstood the shock with a determination that checked, but could not fully restrain it. Back, inch by inch, fighting, falling, cheering, the men retired. The rebels came on more furiously, halting at intervals, pouring volleys that struck our troops down in scores. General Sickles, fighting desperately was struck in the leg and fell. The second corps came to the aid of his decimated column. The battle then grew fearful. Standing firmly up against the storm, our troops, though still outnumbered, gave back shot for shot, volley for volley, almost death for death. Still the enemy was not restrained. Down he came upon our left with a momentum that nothing could check. The rifled guns that lay before our infantry on a knoll were in danger of capture. General Hancock was wounded in the thigh, General Gibbon in the shoulder.

The Fifth corps, as the First and Second wavered anew, went into the breach with such shouts and such volleys as made the rebel column tremble at last. Up from the valley behind, another battery came rolling to the heights and flung its contents in an instant down in the midst of the enemy's ranks.—Crash! crash! with discharges deafening, terrible, the musketry firing went on; the enemy, reforming after each discharge with wondrous celerity and firmness, still pressed up the declivity. What hidious carnage filled the minutes between the appearance of the Fifth corps and the advance to the support of the rebel columns of still another column from the right, I cannot bear to tell. Men fell as leaves fall in Autumn before those horrible discharges. Faltering for an instant, the rebel columns seemed about to recede before the tempest. But their officers, who could be seen through the smoke of the conflict galloping and swinging their swords along the lines, rallied them anew, and the next instant the whole line sprang forward as if to break through our own by mere weight of numbers. A division from the Twelfth corps on the extreme right reached the scene at this instant, and at the same time Sedgwick came up with the Sixth corps, having finished a march of nearly thirty-six consecutive hours. To what rescue they came, their officers saw and told them. Weary, as they were, bare-footed, hungry, fit to drop for slumber as they were, the wish for victory was so blended with the thought of exhaustion that they cast themselves in turn *en masse* into line of battle, and went down on the enemy with death in their weapons and cheers on their lips. The rebel camel's back was broken by this "feather." His line staggered, reeled, and drifted slowly back, while the shouts of our soldiers lifted up amid the roar of musketry over the bodies of the dead and wounded, proclaimed the completeness of their victory.

THE BATTLE OF FRIDAY.

As one who stands in a tower and looks down upon a lengthy pageant marching a thoroughfare, finds it impossible at the close to recall in order the appeances and the incidents of the scene so I, who sits this evening on a campstool beside the ruins of the monument against which I leaned listening to the robin of yesterday, find it impossible to recall with distinctness the details of the unparalleled battle just closed. The conflict raged by 160,000 men, which was occupied with scarce an interval of rest the entire day, from 4 A. M. until 6 o'clock this evening, contains so much, so *near*, and such voluminous matter of interest as one mind cannot grasp without time for reflection.

This last engagement has been the fiercest and most sanguinary of the war.—It was begun at daylight by Gen. Slocum, whose troops, maddened by the loss of many comrades, and eager to retrive the position lost by them the preceding evening, advanced and delivered a destructive fire against the rebels under Ewell. That General's entire force responded with a charge that is memorable even beyond those made by them yesterday. It was desperation against courage! The fire of the enemy was mingled with yells, pitched even above its clangor. They came on, and on, and on, while the national troops, splendidly handled and well posted, stood unshaken to receive them. The fire which they did receive was so rapid and so thick as to envelope the ranks of its delivers with a pall that shut them from sight during the battle which raged thenceforward for six dreary hours.

Out of this pall no straggler came to the rear. The line scarcely flinched from its position during the entire conflict. Huge masses of rebel infantry threw themselves into it again in vain. Back, as a ball hurled against a rock, these masses recoiled, and were reformed to be hurled anew against it with a fierceness unfruitful of success—fruitful of carnage, as before. The strong position occupied by General Geary, and that held by General Birney, met the first and hardest assaults, but only fell back a short distance before fearful odds to re advance, to resume and to hold their places in company with Sykes' division of the Fifth corps and Humphrey's (Berry's old division of the Third,) when, judiciously reinforced with artillery, they renewed and continued the contest until its close. It seemed as if the gray-uniformed troops, who were advanced and readvanced by their officers up to the very edge of the line of smoke in front of our infantry, were impelled by some terror in their rear, which they were as unable to withstand as they were to make headway against the fire in their front. It was hard to believe such desperation voluntary. It was harder to believe that the courage which withstood and defeated it was mortal.

The enemy gradually drew forward his whole line until in many places a hand to hand conflict raged for minutes. His artillery, answered by ours, played upon our columns with frightful result, yet they did not waver. The battle was in this way evenly contested for a time, but at a moment when it seemed problematical which side would gain the victory, a reinforcement arrived, and were formed in line at such a position as to enfilade the enemy, and teach him at last the futility of his efforts. Disordered, routed and confused, his whole force retreated and at 11 o'clock the battle ceased and the stillness of death ensued. This silence continued until 2 P. M. At this moment the rebel artillery from all points, in a circle radiating around our own, began a terrific and concentrated fire on Cemetery Hill, which was held, as I have previously stated, by the eleventh and second corps. The flock of pigeons which not ten minutes previous had darkened the sky above, were scarcely thicker than the horrible missiles that now, instead of sailing harmlessly above, decended upon our position. The atmosphere was thick with shot and shell. The storm broke upon us so suddenly that officers and soldiers—who leaped, as it began, from their tents, or from lazy siestas on the grass—were stricken in their rising with mortal wounds and died, some with cigars between their teeth, some with peices of food in their fingers, and one at least—a pale young German, from Pennsylvania—with a miniature of his sister in his hands, that seemed more meet to grasp an artist's pencil than a musket. Horses fell, shrieking such awful cries as Cooper told of, and writhing themselves about in hopeless agony. The boards of fences shattered by explosion threw splinters through the air.—The earth torn up in clouds blinding the eyes of hurrying men; & through the branches of the trees and among the gravestones of the Cemetery, a shower of destruction crashed ceaselessly. As, with hundreds of others, I groped thro' this tempast of death, for the shelter of the bluff, an old man, a private in a company belonging to the Twenty-fourth Michigan, was struck scarcely ten feet away by a cannon ball, which tore thro' him, extorting such a low, intense cry of mortal pain, as I pray God I may never again hear. The hill, which seemed alone devoted to this rain of death, was clear in nearly all its unsheltered places within five minutes after the fire began.

Our batteries responded immediately. Three hours of cannonading ensued, exceeding in fierceness any ever known.—Probably three hundred cannon were fired simultaneously until 4 o'clock, when the rebel infantry were again seen massing in the woods fronting our center, formed by the First and Second corps Gen. Double days troops met this charge with the same heroic courage that had so often repelled the enemy in his desporate attempts. The charge was made spiriridly but less venomous than before. General Webb, commanding the Second corps, met the main fury of the attack with a steady fire that served to retard the enemy's advance for a moment That moment was occupied by the rebel General Armistage in steadying his troops behind the fence. General Webb immediately ordered a charge, which was made with such eagerness and swiftness, and supported by such numbers of our troops, as enabled us to partially surround the enemy, and capture General Armistage and 3,000 of his men. The carnage which accompanied this charge and the terror inspired by it were so great as to reduce numbers of the foe to actual cowardice.—They fell upon their knees and faces, holding forward their guns and begging for mercy, while their escaped comrades panic-stricken and uteerly routed rushed down across the ditches and fences through the fields and through Gettysburg. Not a column remained to make another start. The trinmph fought for during these three terrible days belonged at last to the noble Army of the Potomac.

With a pen that falters, with a hand and heart heavy, even in the presence of this great conquest, suddened by the death of not a few friends, and sick of the sights and sounds that have so long shocked my eyes and numbed my thoughts, with a vision deceived perhaps in many instances, by the mere tumult of the conflict, and with ears filled with divers reports and estimates of officers and surgeons, I cannot, I dare not attempt to give you an account or opinion of our losses. They are great, but compared with those of the enemy, they are like as pebbles to grains of sand along the shore.

SCENES AFTER THE FIGHT.

TRACES OF THE STRUGGLE AT THE CEMETERY.

Monuments and headstones lie here and there overturned. Graves, once carefully tended by some loving hand, have been trampled by horses' feet until the vestiges of verdure have disappeared. The neat and well trained shrubbery has vanished, or is but a broken and withered mass of tangled brushwood. On one grave lies a dead artillery horse, fast decomposing under the July sun.—On another lie the torn garments of some wounded soldier, stained and saturated with his blood. Across a small headstone, bearing the words "To the memory of our beloved child, Mary," lie the fragments of a musket, shattered by a cannon shot.

Cannon thundered and foot and horse soldiers tramped over the sleeping place of the dead. Other dead were added to those who were resting here, and many a wounded solder still lives to remember the contest above those silent graves.

CITIZENS SEARCHING THE FIELD.

In the orchard in rear of this house was the position of the rebel batteries during a portion of the attack upon our left. Fifteen of their horses lie dead on the ground, swollen to an enormous size As yet the citizens have made no attempt to bury the putrefying masses.—All over the field are numerous men from the country, engaged in gathering whatever is of value. A few are merely in search of relics, but the most of them are bearing away any and everything that they consider of pecuniary value. Here in this orchard, I found a countryman engaged in cutting the harness from one of the dead battery horses, and preparing to carry it from the field.—Another has collected a dozen blankets, dropped by soldiers in the heat of the engagement.

THE REBEL DEAD.

Most of the dead have been buried where they fell, or gathered in little clusters beneath some spreading tree or beside clumps of bushes. Some of the rebel dead are still uncovered. The first that meets my gaze I come upon suddenly, as I decend a bank some three or four feet in height, to the side of a small spring. He is lying near the spring, as he had crawled there to obtain a draught of water. His hands are outspread upon the earth, and clutching at the little turfs of grass beneath them. His haversack and canteen are still hanging to his side, and his hat is lying near him. His musket is gone—either carried off by his comrades, taken by some relic seeker, or placed in the accumulated heap by our own soldiers.

ADDITIONAL HORRORS.

The body of another rebel attracts my attention by a singular circumstance The face is discolored in the extreme, black as that of the purest Congo negro. The hands are as delicate as those of a lady and of snowy whiteness. With the exception of the face the body is but little swollen, and there are no signs of the commencement of decomposition. Several bodies that I find show blackened faces, but no others than this display sech a contrast between the color of the face and hands. Near a small white house on the rebel line lies the body of an officer, evidently a lieutenant or captain. His right arm is extended as if to grasp the hand of a friend. All possible positions in which a dying man can fall can be noticed on this field.

A WOMAN AND THREE CHILDREN.

I met near here a woman and three children on their return to their home on the left of the line of battle. Five days ago they were forced to flee to town to escape from their locality between the two contending lines. This morning, for the first time, they return back. I fear the battle has made sad havoc with their property. If their house is standing, they will find it shattered by shot and all its furniture torn up and destroyed. The war tells heavily upon the inhabitants of the region where it is waged. Its brief transfer to this locality will long show its effects upon Gettysburg and its vicinity.

A CONFEDERATE TESTAMENT.

Within twenty yards of one portion of the works are the remains of a rebel's coat and a bloody blanket. Near it I found a copy of the New Testament, of the ordinary 82mo. size, well printed and not badly bound. On the title page is the imprint of the Confederate States Bible Society, and it claims to have been thrown from the press of en establishment in Atlanta, Ga. It contains the name of John H. Congreve, of an Alabama regiment, the number being so blurred that it can not be made out with certainity. On the fly leaf in the end of the book the owner attempted to draw a representation of the rebel flag above that of the Union.

HERALD REPORTER'S INCIDENT AT GETTYSBURG.

Whilst one of your reporters was on a tour of inspection to the wounded, at the late battle at Gettysburg, he had his attention drawn to a singularly beautiful young man, upon whom death had already settled his mark. While admiring his tender age and fragile build, the young sufferer opened his soft hazel eyes, and looking up, said:

"Won't you please raise my head and rub my hands?—it cramps so."

Our reporter complied, and asked of him his name. He stated that it was James Warner, of London county, Virginia.

It was then that he knew this young sufferer to be in the rebel service. Upon questioning him he stated that he never entered the rebel service willing; that both of his parents were Union people.

"Wont you tell my mother, when you get an opportunity, that I am happy, and expect to meet her in heaven? Will you give me a drink, and then I shall die easy?"

Our reporter of course acquiesced, and gave the little rebel sufferer all the attention and consolation he could bestow.

The Great Battle of Gettysburg.

So terrible was our musketry and artillery fire, that when Armstead's brigade was checked in its charge, and stood reeling, all its men dropped their muskets and crawled on their hands and knees underneath the stream of shot till close to our troops, where they made signs of surrendering. They passed through our ranks scarcely noticed, and slowly went down the slope to the road in the rear.

In one part of the field, in a space not more than twenty feet in circumference, in front of General Gibbons' division, I counted seven dead rebels, three of whom were piled on top of each other. And close by, in a spot not more than fifteen feet square, lay 15 "graybacks" stretched in death. These were the adventurous spirits, who, in the face of the horrible stream of canister, shell and musketry, scaled the fence-wall in their attempt upon our batteries. Very large numbers of wounded were also strewn around, not to mention more who had crawled away or been taken away.

The field in front of the stone wall was literally covered with dead and wounded, a large portion of whom were rebels. Where our musketry and artillery took effect they lay in swaths, as if mown down by a scythe This field presented a horrible sight—such as had never yet been witnessed during this war. Not less than 1,000 dead and wounded laid in a *space of less than four acres* in extent, and that, too, after numbers had crawled away to places of shelter.

THE DEATH OF GEN. REYNOLDS.

Major-General Reynolds was placing his men when he was fatally wounded, and urging them on to the support of Gen. Buford. He cried out in his enthusiasm, "For God's sake! forward! forward! my brave boys—forward!"—And forward they did go—that iron brigade of old Col. Meredith's, which has never failed since the war began.—Just then Gen. Reynolds received his fatal wound, and falling over upon Captain Wilcox, his aid, who was riding beside him, exclaimed, "Good God, Wilcox, I am killed!" Capt. Wilcox had his horse shot from under him at about the same time, and was severely wounded by the fall.

Extract from the

Speech of Gov. Seymour,

In New York City, July 4, 1863.

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There is one appeal that I want now to make to this whole community, irrespective of party, and I pray that you may hear that appeal. A few years ago we stood before this community to warn them of the dangers of sectional strife, but our fears were laughed at. At a later day, when the clouds of war overhung our country, we implored those in authority to compromise that difficulty, for we had been told by a great orator and statesman (Burke) there never yet was a revolution that might not have been prevented by a compromise made in a timely and gracious manner. (Great applause.) Our prayers were unheeded. Again, when the contest was upon us, we stopped to invoke those who had the conduct of affairs not to underrate the power of the adversary—not to underrate the courage and resources, and endurance of our own sister States. All this warning was treated as sympathy with treason. You have the results of these unheeded warnings and unheeded prayers; they have stained our soil with blood; they have carried mourning into thousands of homes; and to-day they have brought our country to the very verge of destruction. Once more I come before you to offer again an earnest prayer, and beg you to listen to a warning. Our country is not only at this time torn by one of the bloodiest wars that ever ravaged the face of the earth, or of which history gives us an account, but, if we turn our attention to our own loyal States, how is it there? Do you not find the community divided into political parties, strongly arrayed against each other, and using, with regard to each other, terms of reproach and defiance? Is it not said by those who support more particularly the administration, that we who differ honestly, patriotically, sincerely, from them with regard to the line of duty, are men of treasonable purposes, and traitors to our country? (Hear, hear.) But on the other hand, is it not true that those of our organization look upon this administration as hostile to our rights and liberties; look upon our opponents as men who would do us wrong in regard to our most sacred franchises? I need not call your attention to the tone of the press, or to the tone of public feel, to show you how, at this moment, parties are thus exasperated, and stand in almost defiant attitudes to each other. A few years ago we were told that sectional strife, waged in terms like these, would do no harm to our country; but you have seen the sad bloody results. Let us be admonished now in time, and take care that this irritation, this feeling which is growing up in our midst shall not also ripen into civil conflicts that shall carry the evils of war into our very midst and about our own homes, Now, upon one thing all agreed, and that is this: Until we have a united North we can have no successful war; until we have a united, harmonious North, we can have no beneficent peace. How shall we have harmony? How shall that unity of all parties be obtained? I wish to say a few words to you upon this point, which I firmly believe is one of the most important considerations to which I could call your attention. Is harmony to be coerced? (Cries of "No," "No,") I appeal to you, my republican friends, that when you say to us that the nation's life and domestic peace hang upon harmony and concord here, if you yourselves, in your serious moments, believe that these are to be produced by seizing our persons, by infringing upon our rights, by insulting our homes, and by depriving us of those cherished privileges for which our fathers fought, and to which we have always sworn allegiance? (Great applause) I do appeal to you, my republican friends, and beg that you will receive this appeal to the earnest and patriotic spirit which prompts me to make it. I appeal to you if you are not doing yourselves and your country a great wrong when you declare that harmony and unity of parties are essential to save the nation's life, essential to the highest interests of our land, and yet thus stigmatize men as true and honest as yourselves, and those whom first experience has proved to have been wiser, too, as men who do not love their country, and who are untrue to our institutions.—How, then, are we to get this indispensable harmony—this needed unity? It is not to be obtained by trampling upon rights; it is not to be obtained by threats; it is not to be obtained by coercion; it is not to be obtained by attempting to close our lips when we would utter the honest purpose of our hearts and the strong convictions of our judgment. (Applause.) But, my republican friends, there is a mode by which it can be reached, and there is a mode by which the nations life can be saved; there is a mode by which in the end, we will restore this Union of ours, and bring back those glorious privileges which are so wantonly thrown away. (Applause.) We come to you in no spirit of arrogance. We simply come before you this day and ask you to accept the wisdom and the patriotism of our common fathers. We do not come to you to make any concession of advantage to us. On the contrary, we only say to you, holding in your hands and in your control almost all the political power of your country, to exercise it, and to exercise it according to our chartered rights. (Tremendous applause.) We only ask that you shall give to us that which you claim for yourselves, and that which every freeman, and every man who respects himself will have for himself, freedom of speech, the right to exercise all the franchises conferred by the Constitution upon American citizens. (Great applause.) Can you safely us these things? Are you not trampling upon our own rights if you refuse to listen to appeals. Is it not revolution which you are thus creating when you say that our persons may be rightfully seized, our property confiscated, our homes entered? Are you not exposing yourselves, your own interests to as great a peril as that with which you threaten as? Remember this, that the bloody, treasonable, and revolutionary doctrine of "public necessity" can be proclaimed by a mob as well as by a government. (Applause.). Remember all the teachings of history; and we implore you, with regard to your own interests, to stop and inquire if you are not doing yourselves and your own families, and all that you hold dear to you, an infinite wrong when you sustain propositions that tear away from them, as well as from us, all the barriers and protections which the constitutions of your country has thrown around public liberty. (Great applause.) Can you tell when ambition, love of plunder, or thirst for power will induce bad and dangerous men to proclaim this very principle of milltary necessity, public necessity, as a reason why they should trample beneath their feet all the laws of our land, and the institutions of our country. I ask you again to think if measures like these give power, dignity and strength to our government? I ask you, on the other hand, if those governments have not lived out the longest periods, who, in times of public danger, instead of shrinking from the principles of liberty and the barriers of order, have raised aloft these great principles, and battled under them, and thus given strength to the hearts of the people, and gaind the respect of the world. (Applause.) I ask you if it is not an evidence of weakness, defeat and discomfiture, when, in the presence of armed rebellion, the administration is compelled to say that the very charter by which it holds its power has ceased to have a virtue that can protect a citizen in his rights.—Suppose we accept this doctrine, what will be the consequences to this government? To-day the great conservative party who still battle for time-honored principles—for chartered rights, amid denunciation and contumely and abuse—is the only barrier that stands between this government and its own destruction. If we accept to-morrow their teachings—if we to-morrow should acquiesce in the doctrine that in times of war constitutions are suspended and laws have lost their force, then we should accept the doctrine that the very right by which this government administers its power, has lost its virtue, and that it is brought down to the level of rebellion itself, living and existing only by virtue of material power. Would not the vital blow be struck at liberty if we should accept this doctrine, and what would be the consequence? When men accept despotism, they may have a choice as to who the despot will be. The struggle, then, will not be, shall we have constitutional liberty? But, having yielded to the doctrine that the constitution has lost its force, every notice of personal ambition, every instinct of personal security, would lead men to put themselves under the protection of that power which they supposed most competent to protect their persons. And then this administration would find that in putting military rulers over us they had made military masters for themselves; for all history teaches us that that general who will betray the liberties of the people for the purpose of gaining the favor of power, will, when opportunity occurs, seize power itself.

Profession vs. Practice.

PROFESSION. The members of the Union League profess to believe that war is the only means whereby the unity of the Republic can be preserved.

PRACTICE. They are very careful so as not help prosecute the war they think so necessary. A less number of Union Leaguers than of any other class of men, have volunteered to repel the present rebal invasion.

PROFESSION. The Union Leaguers sing about rallying around the flag.

PRACTICE. They only sing about it.

PROFESSION. The Union Leaguers declare the rebels should be "put down.

PRACTICE. They do not help to do what they declare should be done.

PROFESSION. "In this exigency we have forgotten party."

PRACTICE. "We will discontinue all patronage of Democrats; and call all men traitors who do not agree with us upon questions of public policy!"—*Wayne County Democrat.*

What They are Driving at.

The Boston *Commonwealth*, the organ of Charles Sumner and the New England Abolitionists, thus defines its position and that of its party on the war quastion. It is explicit:

We neither expect, nor desire to see peace until the last link of the slave's chain is broken, the whole slaveholding class stripped of their privileges and their land divided among their former slaves, and the free emigrants from the North and from Europe.

As to the first part of the above proposition, that peace is not to be thought of till all the slaves are free, and all slaveholders stripped of their slave property, it is precisely the position of John Brough and his supporters in Ohio. He says that the war must go on till slavery is destroyed, "root and branch."

The other proposition about dividing the lands in the South among the negroes and others, will follow in due season. Is it for such ends as these the Brough party claim the votes of the people at home and the votes of the soldiers in the field?—*Statesman.*

Response of the Ohio Delegation to President Lincoln.

The Committee appointed by the Democratic State Convention, applied in writing to the President for the release of Mr. Vallandigham. His answer is published in the Republican papers. The reply of the Committee to that answer recites the points made by the President fully, and demolishes his whole argument. It is as follows:

NEW YORK CITY, July 1, 1863.

To His Excellency, the President of the United States:

SIR:—Your answer to the application of the undersigned for a revocatian of the order for banishment of Clement L. Vallandigham requires a reply, which they proceed, with as little delay as possible, to make.

They are not able to appreciate the force of the distinction you make between the Constitution and the applications of the Constitution, whereby you assume that powers are delegated to the President at the time of invasion or insurrection in derogation of the plain language of the Constitution. The inherent provisions of the Constitution remaining the same in time of insurrection or invasion as in time of peace, the President can have no more right to disregard their positive and imperative requirements at the former time than at the latter. Because some things may be done by the terms of the Constitution at the time of invasion or insurrection which would not be required by the occasion in time of peace, you assume that anything whatever, even though not expressed by the Constitution, may be done on the occasion of insurrection or invasion which the President may choose to say is required by the public safety. In plainer terms, because the writ of *habeas corpus* may be suspended at the time of invasion or insurrection. you infer that all other provisions of the Constitution having in view the protection of the life, liberty and property of the citizen may be in like manner suspended. The provision relating to the writ of *habeas corpus* being contained in the first article of the Constitution, the purpose of which is to define the powers delegated to Congress, has no connection in language with the declaration of rights, as guarantees of personal liberty, contained in the additional and amendatory articles. And inasmuch as the provision relating to *habeas corpus* expressly provided for its suspension, and the other provisions alluded to do not provide for any such thing, the legal conclusion is, that the suspension of the latter is unauthorized. The provision for the writ of *habeas corpus* is merely intended to furnish a summary remedy, and not the means whereby personal security is conserved, in the final resort; while the other provisions are guarantees of personal rights, the suspension of which puts an end to all pretense of free government. It is true Mr. Vallandigham applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* as a summary remedy against oppression. But the denial of this did not take away his right to a speedy public trial by an impartial jury, or deprive him of his rights as an American citizen. Your assumption of the right to suspend all the constitutional guarantees of personal liberty, and even of the freedom of speech and of the press, because the summary remedy of *habeas corpus* may be suspended, is at once startling and alarming to all persons desirous of preserving free government in this country.

The inquiry of the undersigned, whether "you hold that the rights of every man throughout this vast country, in time of invasion or insurrection, are subject to be annulled, whenever you may say that you may say that you consider the public safety requires it," was a plain question, undisguised by circumlocution. Your affirmative answer to this question throws a shade upon the fondest anticipations of the framers of the Constitution, who flattered themselves that they had provided safeguards against the dangers which have ever beset and overthrown free government in other ages and countries. Your answer is not to be disguised by their phraseology that the question "is simply a question who shall decide, or an affirmation that nobody shall decide what the public safety does require in cases of rebellion or invasion." Our government was designed to be a government of law, settled and defined, and not of the arbitrary will of a single man. As a safeguard, the powers granted were divided, and delegated to the legislative, executive and judicial branches of the government, and each made co-ordinate with the others, and supreme within its sphere, and thus a mutual check upon each other, in case of abuse of power. It has been the boast af the American people that they had a written Constitution not only expressly defining, but also limiting the powers of the government, and providing effectual safeguards for personal liberty, security and property. And to make the matter more positive and explicit, it was provided by the amendatory articles, nine and ten, that "the enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people," and that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." With this care and precaution on the part of our forefathers, who framed our institution, it was not to be expected that, at so early a day as this, a claim of the President to arbitrary power, limited only by his conception of the requirements of the public safety would have been asserted. In deroga-